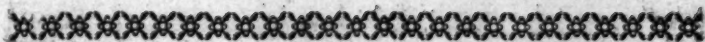


1509/139.



THE  
ADULTERER.  
A  
POEM.



[Price One Shilling.]

XX

THE

A D U E R R .



P O H M

XX

Price One Shilling

THE  
ADULTERER.

A  
POEM.

Define Matronas sectarier—unde laboris  
Plus haurire mali est—quam ex re decerpere fructus.

HOR.



Printed for W. BINGLEY, at the Britannia, No. 31,  
Newgate-Street. MDCCLXIX.



A D U I C R R .

P O E M

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T H E

## ADULTERER, &c.

W H E N Folly takes Corruption by the hand,  
And shameless Vice stalks boldly thro' the  
land,

At every turn, when objects meet my eyes,  
That shock my sight, and bid my spleen arise;  
When timid Chastity, with blushing face,  
Scar'd and abash'd forsakes each public place;  
When I see whores their impudence display,  
By lords attended, in the face of day,

B

See

See gamblers, all their toil and trouble past,  
 Sit down contented with a plumb at last;      10  
 Or see the veteran leader from the war,  
 Grown grey in arms, and rough with many a scar,  
 From the pert, beardless boy receive commands,  
 Who scarcely can distinguish 'twixt his hands;  
 See needy Worth, by wealthy fools oppress'd,      15  
 And the poor man of sense a constant jest;  
 See Probity neglected, rogues in place,  
 Knave'ry triumphant, Virtue in disgrace;  
 Or in his chariot, when the lucky cheat  
 Spatters the honest folks who walk the street;      20  
 See noble dames, who, blind to virtue's charms,  
 Forfake their honour, and their husband's arms;  
 Who, seeking pleasure, leave fair fame behind,  
 Whilst their rank deeds infect the passing wind;  
 My aching heart, affected at the sight,      25  
 Must burst with anguish, if I did not write:

With



With anger swol'n, and undiffembled grief,  
I snatch my pen up, and I get relief.

O were my bosom heated with that fire,  
That did immortal JUVENAL inspire ! 30  
When Satire's purest strains inform'd his tongue,  
And over guilty ROME the scourge he hung :  
Then shou'd the subject of my moral page,  
Lash a corrupted and a vicious age ;  
Fair Virtue shou'd approach, Vice hide her head, 35  
And scoundrels blush and tremble as they read.

But tho' I cannot boast the power to please,  
T'express my thoughts with dignity and ease ;  
Although no charms of poetry are mine,  
Nor I the happy fav'rite of the Nine, 40  
The place of inspiration rage supplies,  
When deck'd in glory Virtue's foes arise ;  
Into my brain the great ideas throng,  
Fill all my breast, and rush into my song.

When the Creator form'd the human kind, 45  
 For diff'rent ends and purposes design'd,  
 In man's more daring and more hardy breast,  
 Courage and noble ardour were impress'd;  
 His heart to gen'rous actions was inclin'd,  
 And truth and honour fill'd his upright mind: 50  
 With softer virtues, mild attractions grac'd,  
 His beauteous mate was lovely woman plac'd;  
 Upheld by modesty, her look was meek,  
 And chastity vermillion'd either cheek.  
 When man beheld, and lov'd the blooming fair, 55  
 Heav'n bless'd the mystic union of the pair,  
 Crown'd all their joys with happiness and peace,  
 And with their offspring bade their bliss increase,  
 Various the task to each assign'd thro' life,  
 Strong was the husband's arm to guard the wife, 60  
 Left violence and wrong should come too near,  
 And rack her gentle bosom with a fear,

Willing

Willing abroad in quest of food to roam,  
 All toils he braves, for those he loves at home,  
 Hers is the duty, with assiduous care, 65  
 And tender pains, her smiling babes to rear;  
 For her dear lord, to keep her sacred charms  
 Inviolatè, from any other's arms;  
 And by reflecting on her hallow'd breast,  
 That all her husband's joys and pleasures rest, 70  
 Whilst prudence plainly tells her it is known,  
 —Wounding his honour, must destroy her own.

In every realm which Phœbus' glory lights,  
 Custom corroborates the husband's rights.  
 The savages, by simple nature led, 75  
 Slay the polluter of the marriage bed,  
 Like punishment attends the wedded dame,  
 Who, dead to honour, courts reproach and shame.

Searching



Searching in former ages we shall find,  
 Heroes who rose superior to mankind, 80  
 Who, at the time when youthful blood swell'd high,  
 Yet dar'd not violate the nuptial tie.  
 When ALEXANDER with his conquest flush'd,  
 Thro' the gay camp of fall'n DARIUS rush'd,  
 In a rich tent, deck'd out in eastern pride, 85  
 STATIRA sat, the monarch's blooming bride.  
 —Behold the mourner, prostrate at his feet,  
 To claim protection, mercy to intreat ;  
 What then forbad to sink into her arms,  
 And use a conqueror's right to force her charms, 90  
 To tear the biting curb from wild desire,  
 And in the joys of love entranc'd, expire ?  
 But in that moment heav'nly wisdom came,  
 Enter'd his bosom, and suppress'd the flame,  
 Shew'd him, tho' great ambition urg'd his way, 95  
 Thro' the wide world his glory to display,

An act like this wou'd fully all his fame,  
 Tarnish his brightness, and disgrace his name;  
 Tho' he might kingdoms or a crown restore,  
 Yet the mind's peace once banish'd, comes no more.  
 Shou'd he attempt the fair one and succeed, 101  
 'Twould be a robber's and a ruffian's deed.  
 Short was the pause requir'd to make him know,  
 That virtue should be honour'd in a foe.  
 —He quits respectfully the anxious fair, 105  
 Bids her forget her trouble and her care,  
 Saves her from insult in her captive state,  
 And, vanquishing himself, is Good and Great.  
 Shall SCIPIO's noble deed remain un Sung,  
 Prais'd by all hearts, the theme of every tongue?  
 —He th' arduous paths of rigid virtue trod, 111  
 —More than a man—th' inferior of a God—  
 Tho a bright virgin graced his conquering arms,  
 Rich in possession of unnumber'd charms,

He

He heard her hapless lover scorning rest, 115

Nourish'd eternal woe within his breast,

For ravish'd from him on his bridal day,

The hand of force had borne his spouse away.

—Then awful justice rose within his soul,

Potent, the strongest passions to controul. 120

—He did not dare behold the lovely prize,

Lest he might catch infection from her eyes,

Or lest unbridled nature's dreaded force

Might interrupt his virtue's gen'rous course,

But to the prince restor'd the lovely maid ; 125

Cur'd all his grief, and all his care repaid.

But sure to former times I need not go,

Virtue's bright influence o'er mankind to show,

Whilst in a monarch's and an hero's breast,

Her glorious image ever stands confest. 130

In thee, illustrious *GEORGE*, O Name rever'd !  
 Honor and Virtue always have appear'd ;  
 Tho' the fair Dames, with which thy Court is stor'd,  
 Loved as a Man, whom they as King ador'd ;  
 Yet no lewd Concubine had Power to draw 135  
 Thy early step from Virtue's honor'd Law.  
 From thee no Husband sought his injur'd wife,  
 Banish'd the Pleasures of his future Life.  
 No frantic Mother, with Affliction wild,  
 Ask'd at thy Royal Hands, her ravish'd Child. 140  
 But thy Example to thy Kingdom shew'd,  
 How fair, of manly Innocence, the Road.  
 Keeping the glorious Track, an Husband's Name,  
 Adds the paternal Virtues to thy Fame.  
 Thee, the best Father, whilst thy Subjects view, 145  
 In thee, they see the best of Husbands too ;  
 Thy nuptial Faith, inviolate, intire,  
 Preserves the hallow'd hymeneal Fire.  
 Blest be thy Name, and may thy lovely Race,  
 The *British* Throne with equal Virtues grace ! 150

But former Kings, whom brutal Passion sway'd,  
 Not ev'n the Laws of Decency obey'd :  
 Let *John* amidst the first of Ruffians stand,  
 The Curse and Terror of this wretched Land ;  
 And *Harry's* \* Life and Actions have declared, 155  
 His Rage no Man, his Lust no Woman spared.  
 But when the Second *Charles* licentious reign'd,  
 Debauchery its highest summit gain'd :  
 Encouraged by Example from the Throne,  
 How bright the Rays of Profligacy shone ! 160  
 The merry King, furrounded by his Whores,  
 Into their Laps the Spoils of *England* pours,  
 Whilst from *Nell Gwynn's* †, or *Portsmouth's* chaste embrace  
 Springs up, of Royal Brats, a glorious Race ;

---

\* Line 155.) *Henry* the Eighth.

† — 163.) Two of the many Harlots, who were graced by the Royal Favor. — *Nell Gwynn*, was either an Orange, or an Oyster Wench, and a Common Prostitute, when King *Charles* made her his favorite Mistress.



And the vile Offspring of an Whore and Coward, 165  
 Noscs the Blood of *Courcy* and of *Howard* †.

From that sad Time, nor do I falsely deem,  
 Our Manners more degenerate seem,  
 But chiefly, shocking Tale ! amongst the Great,  
 Vice is encouraged, and parades in State. 170  
 If Birth is not sufficient Eminence,  
 They seek Distinction by some high Offence,  
 And such the base Corruption of the Times,  
 He's noblest who can boast the greatest Crimes.  
 Did not *Solinus*, conscientious Lord, 175  
 Repudiate his Wife, because she whor'd ?  
 Did not next Day his Harlot hear his Vows,  
 Never again to lead another Spouse ?

---

† Line 166.) *De Courcy*, Baron of *Kingsale* in *Ireland*.—  
 The Chief of this illustrious Family, has the extraordinary  
 Privilege of wearing his Hat in the Royal Presence.—How it  
 was obtained, is too well known to be here related.—Every  
 one is acquainted with the Noble Family of *Howard*; of  
 which the Duke of *Norfolk* is Chief, and Premier Duke in  
*England*.

Th' ensuing Morn he rob'd in white appears,  
 And once again the Name of Husband wears. 180  
 How long shall we expect, a Thing of Course,  
 The Preparation for a fresh Divorce ?  
 Another Whore, in greater Pomp array'd,  
 To grace another Regal Masquerade ?  
 And shrinks not Virtue from so strange a Sight ? 185  
 —To censure harmless Pleasures, not polite—  
 The Girl may yet repent of what she's done,  
 Who knows but *Nancy* may become a Nun ?

Be still, ye Husbands, who with Wives are blest,  
 Ye Parents, who have Daughters, sleep at rest. 190  
 No longer have you any Cause to fear,  
 The shocking Insults of a lustful Peer †,  
 When his Amours from Justice meet a Check,  
 He pleads his Impotence to save his Neck,

---

† Line 192.) Lord *Baltimore*. — See his Defence on his Trial,

And proves the Obloquy was all misplaced, 195  
 The Girl was vicious, but his Lordship chaste.

Thank Heav'n ! 'mongst those who hold Life's middle  
 Way,

Not blest with Pow'r, or Splendor's dazzling Ray,  
 Such glorious Crimes we very seldom know,  
 Our Sentiments for such bright Deeds too low. 200

We think our Wives to ease our Troubles giv'n,  
 That Nuptial Faith is guaranteed by Heav'n,  
 Upon our Consorts Honor build our own,  
 And owe our Happiness to that alone.

Until perchance his Lordship's wand'ring Eye 205  
 Approves a pretty Woman passing by,  
 From his high Rank, how soon will he descend,  
 To kiss the Wife, and be the Husband's Friend,  
 Till with the simple Dame he shall prevail,  
 And find like Mother *Eve*, all Women frail.

—Then in the House, where Concord dwelt of late,  
*Fierce* Discord springs, and with Contention, Hate,

Content

Content is flown, and Harmony and Peace,  
 And all connubial Happiness must cease.  
 For aw'd by Pow'r, or struck by glare and show, 215  
 How to avoid the Bait shall Women know?  
 While the Seducer, ever in the way,  
 For fainting Virtue dangerous Traps can lay.  
 Does it from Patent or Prescription rise,  
 That Peers shou'd all the Fair monopolize? 220  
 If from their Vigor, it is somewhat rare——  
 For many a Noble Family lacks an Heir.  
 Tho' num'rous Flocks are bleating at the Door,  
 They'll snatch the Lamb, like *David*, from the Poor.  
 Perhaps their Beauty or superior Sense, 225  
 To wrong their Neighbours may afford Pretence.

But is there one, whose elevated State ||,  
 Bids him assume a Rank above the Great,

---

|| Line 227) The Reader will perceive that this Character  
 to the 248th Line, is an Imitation of *Pope's* Description of  
*Mr. Addison*,

Foster'd

Foster'd beneath whose patronizing Eye,  
 Fair Virtue shou'd erect her Head on high, 230  
 Whose nice demeanour shou'd assert her Cause,  
 The just Support of her untainted Laws,  
 Shou'd in himself the great Example give,  
 How Men shou'd act, and how a Prince shou'd live;  
 Shou'd banish Vice and Folly's hated Train, 235  
 And Sentiments of Honor entertain,  
 Shou'd from his Presence chace the vain and lewd,  
 And countenance the virtuous and the good.  
 Yet scorning all such practicable Rules,  
 Consorts with Parasites and herds with Fools, 240  
 Shelters his Follies under no Disguise,  
 But shews them obvious to the weakest Eyes.  
 Resolv'd each decent Semblance to discard,  
 Who violates the Laws he's born to guard;  
 The Wife seduces from her Husband's Side, 245  
 And makes a Robber's Act his greatest Pride.  
 — Each honest Heart must grieve, if such there be,  
 — *Each* Briton weep, if CUMBERLAND is He.

Dost



Dost thou not know that in a Station high,  
 Men view thy Deeds with scrutinizing Eye? 250  
 And as thy Virtues to the Heav'ns they raise,  
 Supported on the Wing of honest Praise,  
 So will they, if thou'rt guilty of a Crime,  
 Brand thy flagitious Name to future Time,  
 And will with Freedom all thy Actions scan, 255  
 That sink thee from a Prince, beneath a Man.

Did not thy Heart, expect its instant Doom,  
 When injur'd *Grosvenor* rush'd into the Room?  
 When clasp'd within his guilty Wife's Embrace,  
 The Husband that you wrong'd, you fear'd to face. 260  
 Better invite three Whores to take the Air,  
 And whisk them round the Forest in thy Chair,  
 Or spend with some lewd Prostitute thy Life,  
 —But ah! forbear to touch thy Neighbour's Wife—

No foul invectives or reproach belong, 265  
 To the calm Stream of my didactic Song.

I hold

I hold to view Reflection's honest Glafs;  
 Expoſing Vice and Lewdneſs as they paſs.  
 See with Attention then, how vile the Deed;  
 To make an hapleſs Huſband's Boſom bleed, 27d  
 For the ſhort Pleaſure you may chance to know,  
 You give him endleſs Years of Pain and Woe.  
 From thy young Heart root out the baneful Weed  
 —Impure Deſire—let Continence ſucceed.—  
 Suppoſe thee wedded to a lovely Dame, 275  
 In Perſon charming, of unſullied Fame,  
 Wou'd'ſt thou not count thyſelf a Wretch accuſt,  
 Wou'd not thy Heart with Indignation burſt,  
 If, all thy future Joys and Honour fled,  
 You ſaw your Wife pollute the Marriage-Bed? 280  
 Then keep this honeſt Maxim in your View,  
 Be that to others done, you wou'd have done to you.

Were there no other Crime, oh guilty Dame,  
 Thy vile Ingratitude would blaſt thy Fame.

D

Thy

Thy generous Lord, by pure Affection led, 285  
 Receiv'd thee dow'rless to his noble Bed.  
 He us'd no grov'ling, interest'd Art,  
 But bade thee reign unrivall'd in his Heart,  
 Loved thee with constant Ardor, nor thy Face,  
 Suffer'd the ruder Winds of Heav'n t' embrace. 290  
 What Fascination drew thy Mind aside,  
 From what shou'd be thy Glory and thy Pride?  
 Oh! what damn'd Arts were practiced to remove,  
 From thy dear Babes a Parent's tender Love?  
 Did not thy injured Children loudly plead, 295  
 And helpless Innocence forbid the Deed,  
 Which on their unsmirched Brows, must still proclaim  
 Their sad Misfortune and their Mother's Shame?  
 Did not the Image of thy lovely Boys,  
 Fill all thy Mind amidst thy impious Joys? 300  
 Did not the Consequence, thy Lord's Disgrace,  
 Rush to thy Heart and crimson o'er thy Face,  
 Tho' the lascivious Duke each Method sought  
 To glut thy Appetite and banish Thought?

As o'er the mourning Father's Face, a veil 305  
 The Painter threw, his Sorrows to conceal;  
 His pow'rful Grief not able to express,  
 He knew that his Attempts would make it less.  
 So my weak Pen, shall never try to trace,  
 An Husband's Feelings conscious of Disgrace, 310  
 Who guiltless of a Crime, to Times unborn,  
 Stands a sad Monument of public Scorn.  
 For Custom wills—that on the Woman's Fame  
 Rests the poor Husband's Happiness or Shame.  
 Shou'd Heav'n to me, such dire Affliction send, 315  
 Quickly my miserable Life wou'd end,  
 For if to feel in Honor's nicest Sense  
 Be deem'd a Crime—How great is my Offence!  
 And shou'd it ever be my luckless Fate,  
 To see my Wife, my Bed contaminate, 320  
 As *Phineas*, in his holy Ardor, flew  
 The Heathen Female, and adult'rous Jew,

---

Line 317.) For if it be a Sin to covet Honor  
 I am the most offending Soul alive,

Shakespeare's *Henry 5th*.

My Sword instinctive from the Sheath wou'd start,  
 And thro' her minion's Body, reach her Heart.  
 My honest Vengeance must repay the Crime, 325  
 That makes one wretched to the latest Time,  
 Tho' I should roast before a ling'ring Fire,  
 Or under *Damien's* Punishments expire.

With a black Tale to blot th' Historian's Page  
 An *Audley* scarcely rises once an Age. 330  
 Is there a Man, who vaunts to bless his Life,  
 A beauteous Sister, or an handsome Wife,  
 Who sells for Hire their prostituted Charms,  
 And lights the hoary Letcher to their Arms?  
 O may just Providence his Crimes o'ertake, 335  
 And on his Head o'erflowing Anger wreak!  
 I cou'd endure innumerable Woes,  
 Bear Kicks from Scoundrels, and from Cowards Blows,

---

Line 328.) The Assassin who attempted to kill the *French* King.

Line 330.) Lord *Audley* was executed for aiding and assisting his Servant to commit a Rape on the Body of his own Lady.  
 When



When Tempests shou'd the Face of Heav'n deform  
 " Sustain the pitylefs pelting of the Storm," 340  
 Be Fortune's outcast, desolate and poor,  
 And beg a mouldy Crust from Door to Door,  
 Rather than boast the Luxuries of Life,  
 A Cuckold I—a prostitute my Wife—  
 Than be like *Cibber* pandar to Desire, 345  
 And to my Chamber hand the lustful Squire.  
 Like G—— be conscious of my Wife's Disgrace,  
 Tho' my Reward shou'd be a *Judge's* place.  
 Tho' I shou'd be with Misery oppress'd,  
 I'd hug my virtuous Partner to my Breast, 350  
 Chear'd by her dear Fidelity alone,  
 Toils would be Comforts and her Heart my Throne.

---

Line 340.) Shakespeare's King Lear,

Line 345.) The late Mr. *Cibber* who brought an Action against —— *Sloper*, Esq; for criminal Conversation.—In the course of the Tryal, it appeared that he had been so extremely convenient upon the Occasion, that the Jury thought proper to give him little or no Damages.

Is there a Bard divine, whose Magic strain,  
 Bids our licentious Youth from Guilt refrain;  
 Is there a Church-man, who will Virtue teach; 355  
 And like her honest Servant *Cobden* preach;  
 Is there a Nobleman, whose spotless Heart  
 From Honour's Dictates never will depart:  
 Let him the placid Nest of Vice disturb,  
 And our loose Appetites restrain and curb. 360  
 So shall he rank his Name among the great,  
 And Statues stile him, Father of the State,

---

Line 353.) Siquæret Pater urbium  
 Subscribi Statuis; indomitam audeat  
 Refrænare licentiam,— Hor,

Line 356.) Dean *Cobden* who preached before his late M——  
 upon this Text from *Genesis*.—"How then can I do this great  
 Wickedness and Sin against God"—Some Time serving Cour-  
 tiers would have had him struck off the List of *Court Chap-  
 lains*, but his M—— said he was pleased with his having done  
 his Duty.— The Sermon was published.

How

How insignificant are empty Laws,  
 When wholesome Morals back not Virtue's Cause!  
 The Fear of Punishment will awe the Slave, 365  
 But love of Virtue fires the good and brave.  
 Sure there are Regions, tho' to us unknown,  
 Where Chastity upholding Hymen's Throne,  
 Secures the Husband's Breast from all Alarms,  
 Left he should take Pollution to his Arms, 370  
 For none can hope from Punishment to fly,  
 When the Rewards of such a Crime's to die.  
 Justice approves this salutary Law,  
 Which guards the humble, keeps the lewd in awe,  
 And blest'd beneath the Goddess heav'nly reign, 375  
 The common Rights of Mankind, Men maintain.

---

Line 363.) *Quid tristes querimonix,*  
                   *Si non supplicio culpa reciditur?*  
           *Quid leges sine moribus*  
                   *Vanæ proficiunt?* Hor.

Line 372.) *Et peccare nefas, aut pretium est mori.* Hor.

Ye

Ye honor'd Dames, who grace your Husbands Sides,  
 Ye lovely Virgins, wishing to be Brides,  
 If in your future Lives, ye hope to find,  
 Chaste wedded Happiness and peace of Mind; 380  
 Attentive listen to the Muses lay,  
 That points to everlasting Bliss the way,  
 Engrave her Precepts on your tender Breasts,  
 And learn from her fair Virtues' high Behests.  
 The brilliant Eye may kindle fierce Desire, 385  
 The winning Smile may feed Love's gentle Fire,  
 The Mind's unnumbered Charms extend your Sway,  
 Whilst the Commands of Beauty we obey:  
 But these Attractions are bestow'd in vain,  
 If Modesty attends not in your Train; 390  
 'Tis Chastity must bind our Fetters fast,  
 And Virtue only, make your Conquest last.  
 The very Thought wou'd prompt ye to be just,  
 Did you consider, what an holy Trust,  
 Your Husbands on your lovely breasts repose,— 395  
 Which if once broke, produces endless Woes.

Let

Let the *Italian* Wives, O Shame to see !

Be each escorted by a *Cicisbeo* :

And let the *Gallic* Matrons entertain,

Of proud Gallants, a long and shameless Train ; 400

Be it the Task of every *British* Dame,

To guard with nicest Care her sacred Fame.

—Men shall admire, and envy when they see,

Our Wives, of all the World, so chaste and free.

Look down, blest Shade of CUMBERLAND, and view  
How your Successor differeth from you ; 406

Behold thy fav'rite *Windsor's* happy Seat,

Is, for th' adult'rous Pair, a snug retreat :

With indignation see, thy once lov'd Bow'r,

Now screen an Harlot from her Husband's Pow'r, 410

See, how dishonouring his Noble Race,

Thy Nephew earns reproaches and disgrace,

Whilst a vile Deed of Rapine and of Fraud,

Shall spread his Name with Infamy abroad,

E

And



And foreign Nations shall this Land abuse, 415

— For who shall dare th' atrocious Act excuse?

From the lewd Rake, shall *Britons* hope to see,

Their honor'd Flag upheld by Victory?

If the adverse Fleet contains a wedded Dame,

Woman the Prize, perhaps he'll snatch at Fame. 420

But *Cupid's* softer War he'd rather wage,

And with a *Countess* in the Fight engage,

From his high Station rather wou'd descend,

To bribe a Millener to stand his Friend:

— His Guineas with sure Argument convince, 425

That there's no Crime in pimping for a Prince.

Thy Name, oh, reverend Shade! was Honor's boast,

Dread of our Foes, and Guardian of our Coast;

That glorious Name, to *Britons* once so dear,

Now when repeated, shocks each honest Ear, 430

— Shall not Disgrace and Shame for ever brand,

Th' Infringer of th' Almighty's great Command?

Th'

The needy Wretch is hang'd who steals a Purse;  
—Who steals my Honour shou'd be treated worse.  
Let Court Leviathans, if Cash they want,  
Compell us, all our Properties to grant,  
Confine our Persons, and attack our Lives,  
But let them spare the Honour of our Wives.

435

THE END.

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THE END